

PART TWO

ART WORK

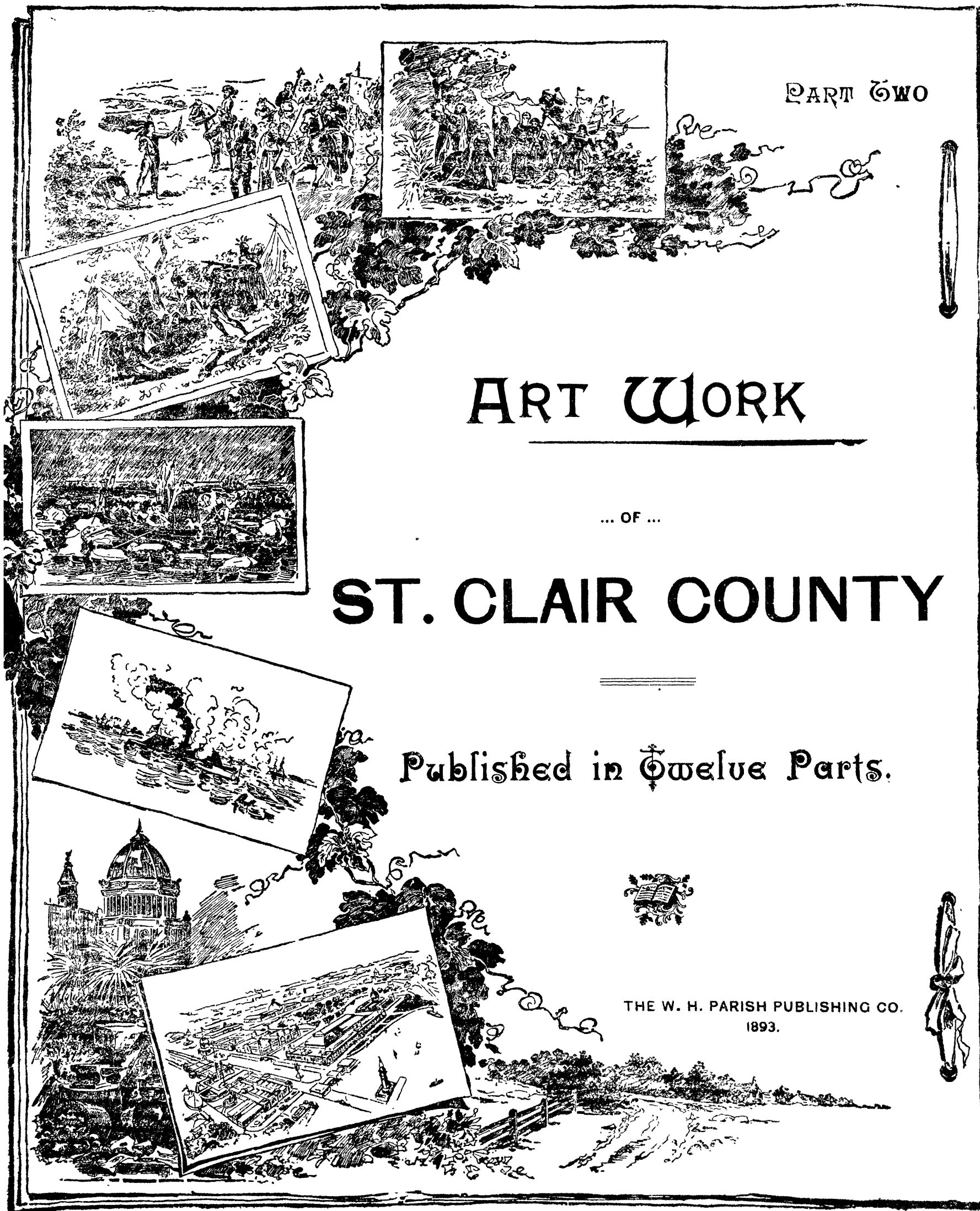
... OF ...

ST. CLAIR COUNTY

Published in Twelve Parts.

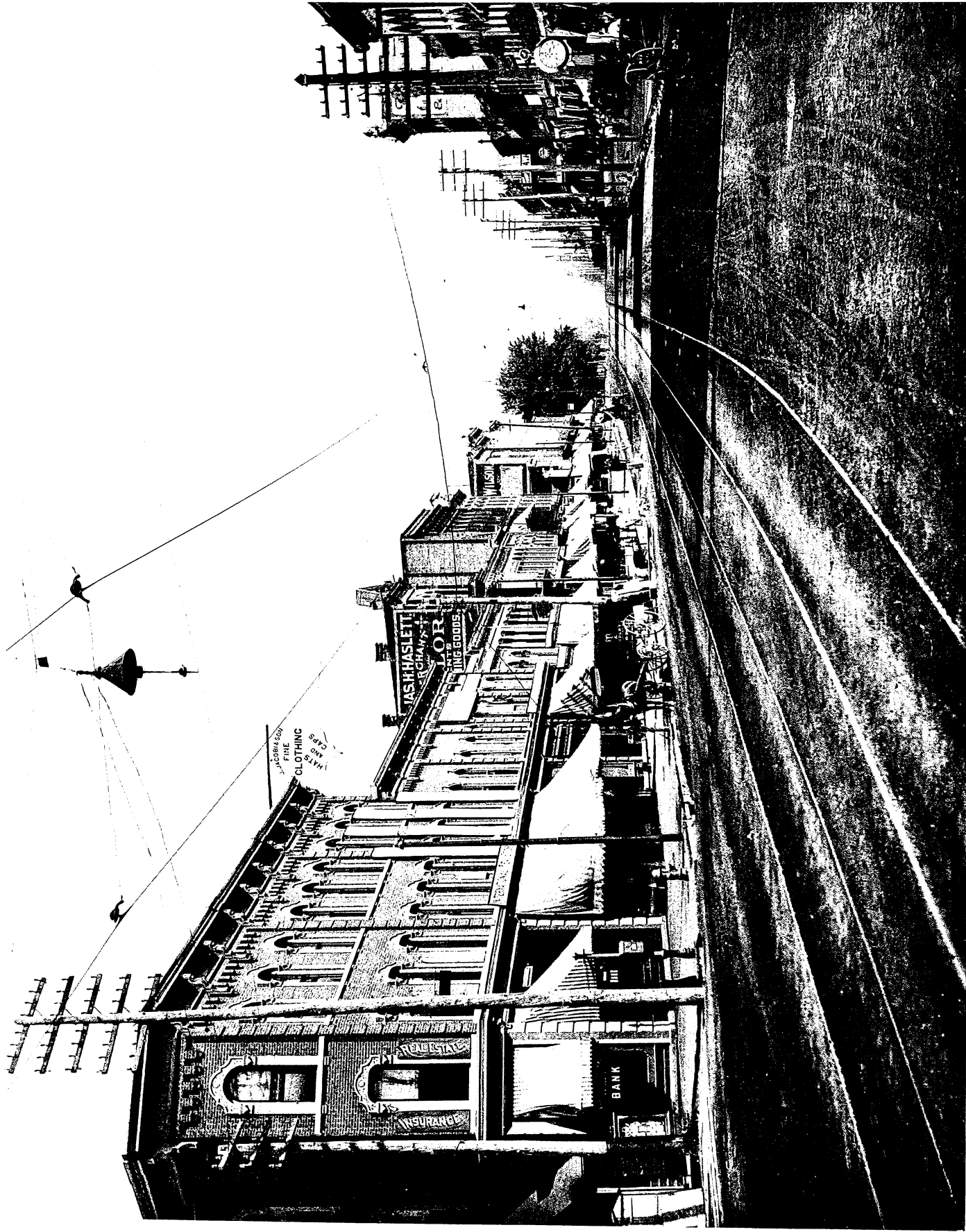


THE W. H. PARISH PUBLISHING CO.
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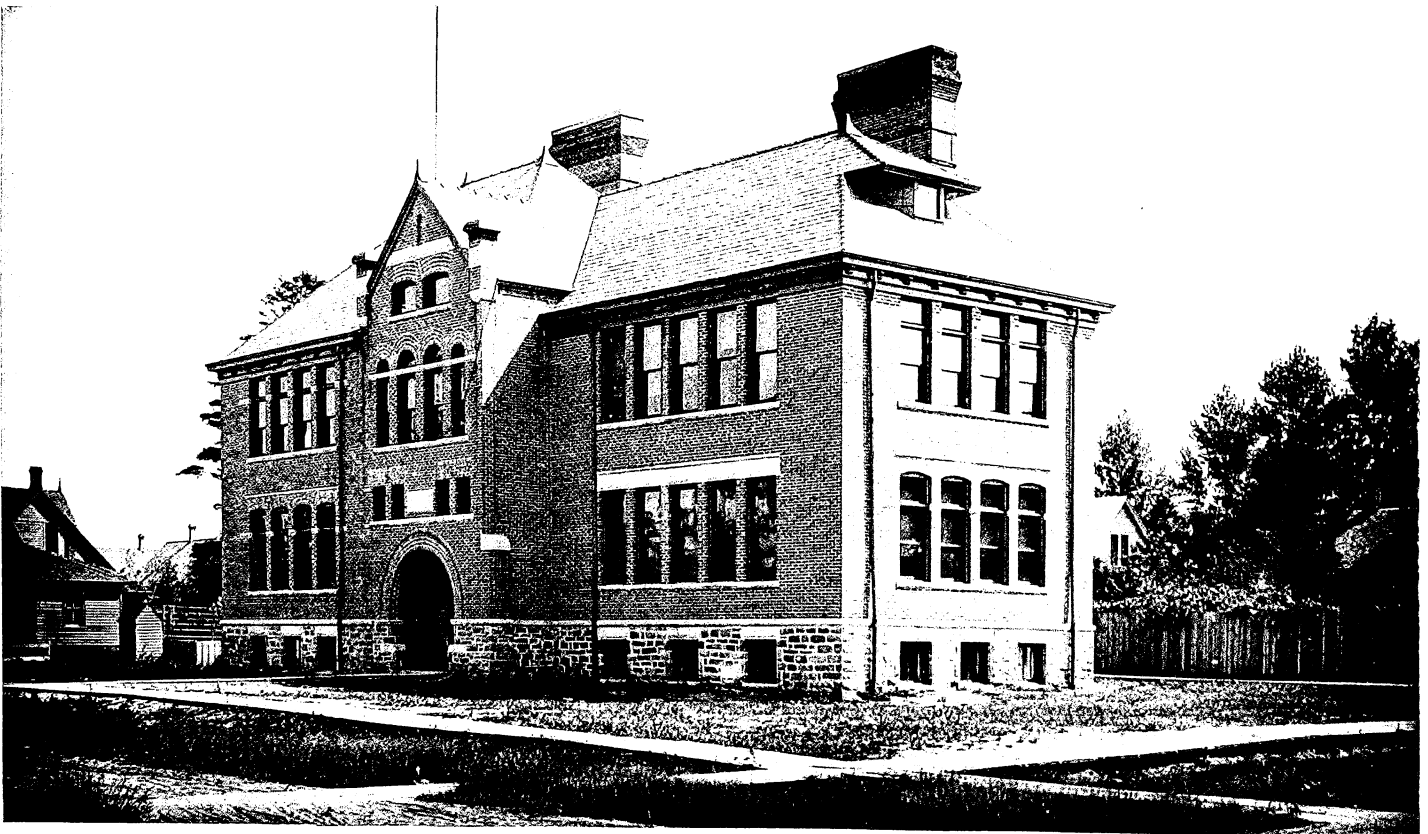
SCENE ON ROADWAY, BETWEEN ST. CLAIR AND MARINE CITY.



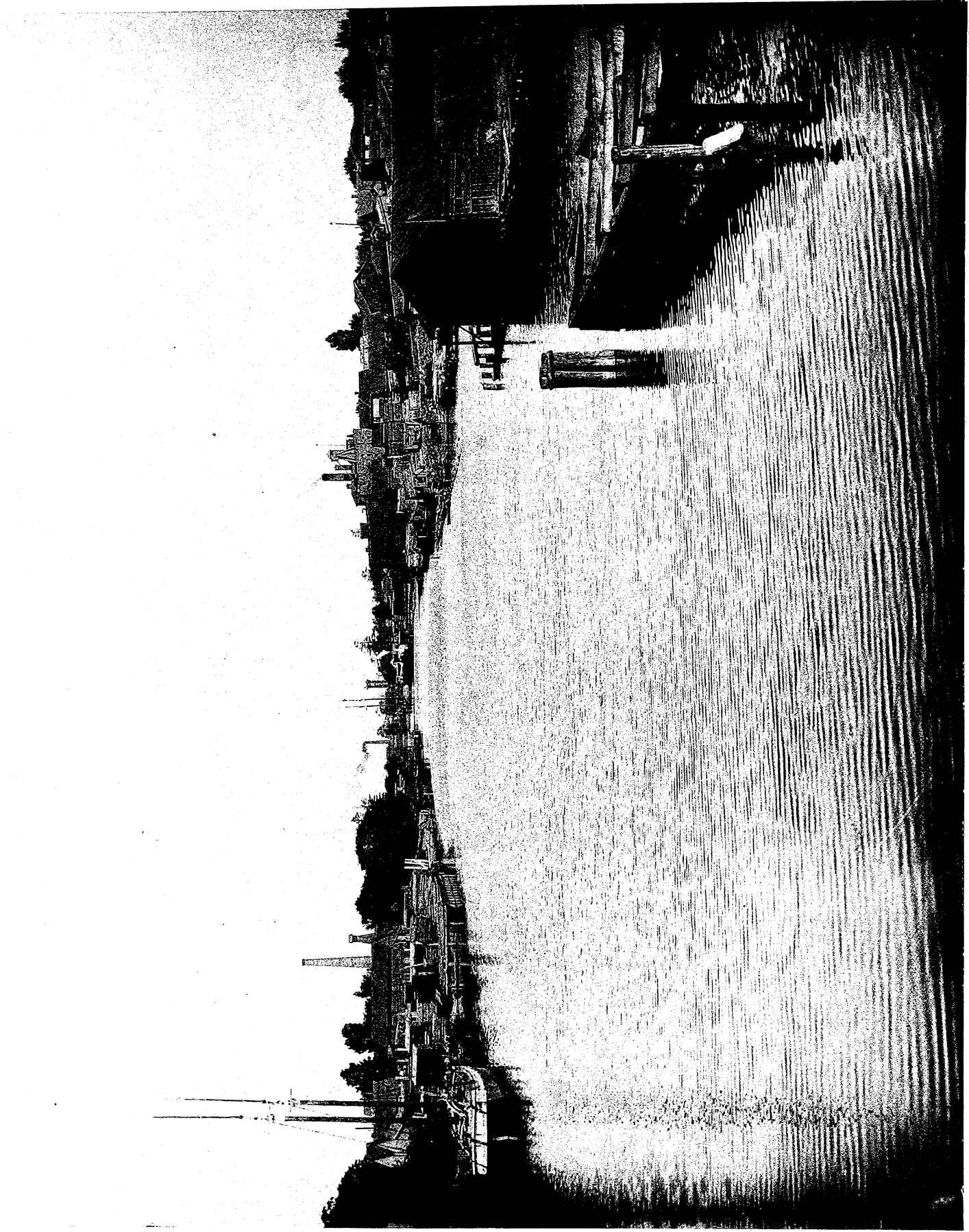
HURON AVENUE, FROM BUTLER STREET LOOKING SOUTH—PORT HURON.



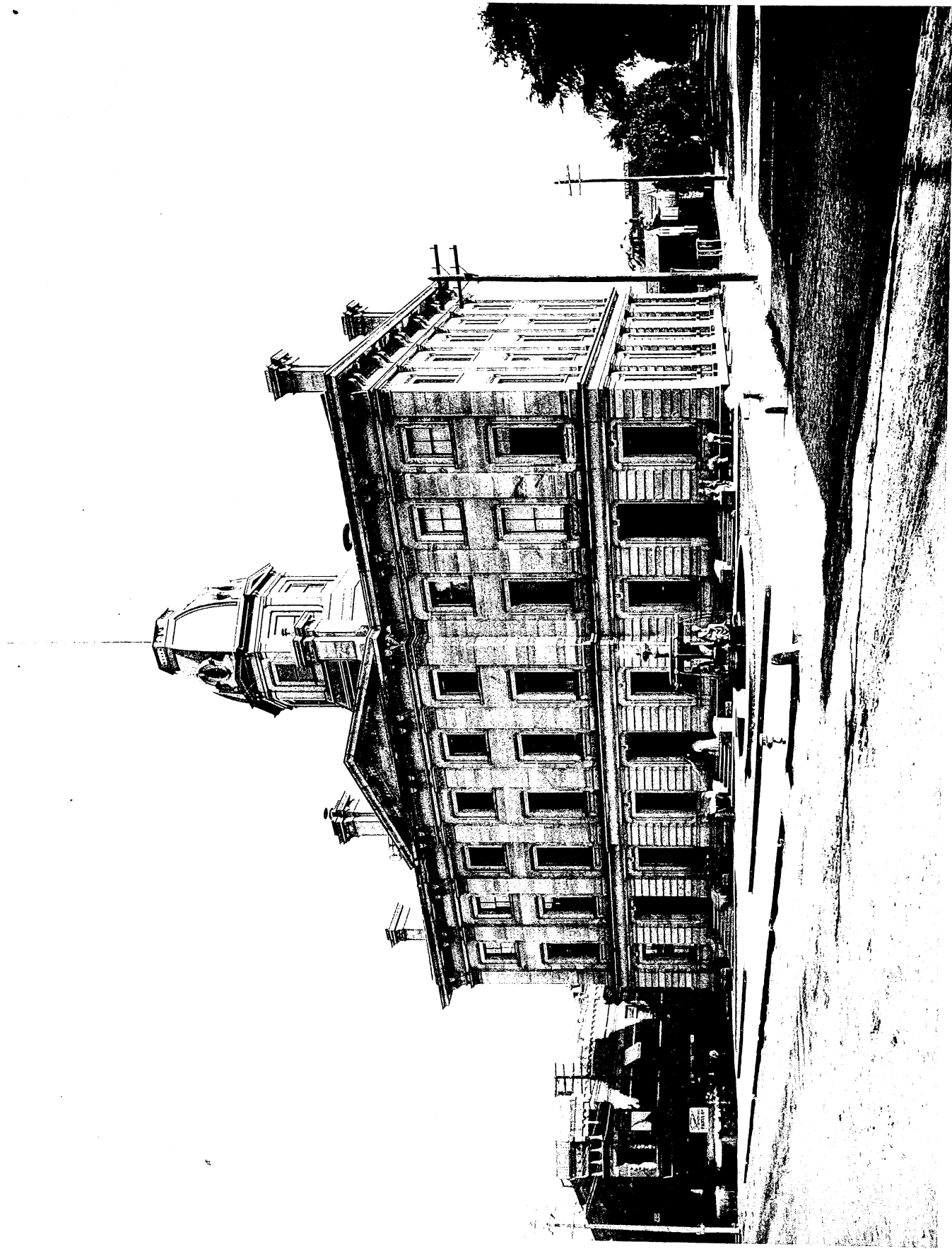
WASHINGTON SCHOOL—PORT HURON.



JOHN TYLER SCHOOL—PORT HURON.



VIEW FROM SEVENTH STREET BRIDGE—PORT HURON.



POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE—PORT HURON.



GRACE CHURCH—PORT HURON.



SCENE ON PINE GROVE AVENUE—PORT HURON.

agriculturists, and, as I have already intimated, this criticism was not altogether unwarranted. Thanks to the genius of free institutions and the pressure of domestic requirements, this state of slothfulness, or, as "Miss Ophelia" would say, of shiftlessness, has taken wings and flown away. The pine tree no longer furnishes employment in winter, and stern necessity suggests the plan of cultivating the soil in springtime and summer. One man plants a field of corn; the furrows are made straight by the plow and the rows of corn stand in line like soldiers on dress parade; his neighbor not to be outdone attempts if possible to improve on the workmanship of the farmer across the way, and this spirit of legitimate and friendly rivalry leads to good fences, proper drainage, timely planting and the application of manures, and eventually to peace and plenty at the farmers' fireside. The old lumberman of thirty or forty years ago has been gathered to his fathers, or in the evening of life he is waiting on the banks of the "beautiful river," his sturdy sons have taken the place left vacant by him in the ever-recurring struggle of life. In early manhood he helped to extinguish the pines of the forest; he is now contemplating the day when his body will be laid at the roots of the tree he has vanquished. But a few rods distant are the remains of the old log cabin where love and friendship found expression free from conventionalities and hypocritical cant. Here the wayfaring man was invited to dine at the family table and no stranger was turned hungry from the door. At no place on earth are the sentiments in the Declaration of American Independence more fully exemplified, "All men are created free and equal," than in the log cabin of the sturdy pioneer. In many instances modern dwellings of neat design and picturesque appearance have been substituted for the more humble habitation of former years. But, alas! art cannot furnish a renewal of the pleasures of youth; love is as ardent in the home of the cottager as in the palace of the nabob. The ties of affection are as sincere and the vows of fidelity are as enduring amongst those who dwell in huts as those who occupy thrones. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" would immortalize the name of "Robert Burns" if he had never written anything else, and its chief value lies in its perfect reflection of a home where honor, virtue, fidelity and love existed without artificial adornment. Of what use is the modern easy chair to the man whose joints are assailed by rheumatism, and of what consequence are winter's snows and sleets to the hardy young man or woman who is by nature fortified with elements of strength and vigor to withstand them. Verily the search for happiness

